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GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
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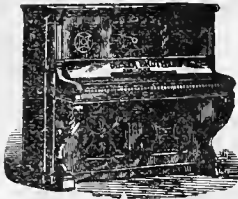
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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## THE HUGUENOTS.

THE history of the Reformation is but a repetition of horrors. In every European country wherein it spread, its advocates and adherents were subjected to persecution and torture. The story of their treatment in one country is similar to that in another, and the

The history of the Latter-day Saints is a sufficient proof that mankind, frenzied with the zeal of a false Christianity, are as wicked in their disposition as were the most inhuman persecutors of the reformers in centuries gone by. We need not recall the scenes of terror enacted during the infancy of the Protestants' cause, as examples of cruelty committed in the



TORTURE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

whole goes to show what a terrible price was paid for such religious freedom as is now possessed by the so-called Christian world. But with the advantage of knowing the result of the Reformation that was begun in the days of Luther and his co-workers, the religious world is apparently no more prepared to receive new light than they were four hundred years ago.

name of religion, the very century in which we live furnishes unparalleled instances of fiendish brutality inflicted upon innocent religionists.

Our reason, therefore, in narrating and illustrating from time to time the events of the past, is to acquaint our readers with the facts of history, and at the same time to encourage them to continue their determina-

tion to uphold the truths of the gospel which they have been taught.

The history of the reformers of the past, though terrible to contemplate, is withall encouraging. The sufferings they endured did not fail to bring good results, which were the eventual triumph of truth, and the establishment of greater religious freedom to be enjoyed by future generations. If similar results can be attained by our integrity in maintaining true principles (and we have every assurance that they can) are they not worthy of our most earnest efforts? As sure as the reformers of past ages are now honored for the sacrifices they made will the Latter-day Saints in the future be lauded for their courage in contending for the rights of mankind.

The name Huguenots was given in France to the adherents of the reformation which commenced in that country about the same time as it did in Germany and other places. Its introduction of course met with vigorous opposition from the papal church; but the cause grew and strengthened. Soon it was embraced by many of the nobles and the middle class.

In the succession of monarchs who occupied the throne of France, the Protestants were alternately supported and opposed. It would be tiresome to recount the series of wars that were fought by the Protestants and Catholics. For more than one hundred years wars occurred at short intervals between the two parties.

On the 13th of April, 1598, the famous Edict of Nantes, which gave to the Protestants certain rights, was signed by the king. This, however, did not insure to them full freedom of worship. Their political power was feared. In 1617 another edict was issued commanding the suppression of the Protestant church. A few years later war broke out again between the two parties, and again the Edict of Nantes was reconfirmed. Trouble continued to rise from time to time, and in 1685 the edict was revoked, whereupon the Protestants were compelled to flee

from the terrible persecutions which followed. They took refuge in the surrounding countries, and some even went to Africa. A number of them went to the mountains where they continued to practice their religion in secret. They were enabled there to defend themselves against the opposition of the monarchy, for a number of years. By this time the Protestants in France numbered about two million souls. Gradually the spirit of persecution died away and the Protestants had their rights and privileges restored. Their religious ordinances were declared valid and their property which had been confiscated was returned to them. But it was not until the year 1830 they were given equal rights and full freedom of worship.

#### UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 430.]

RHODA MAINWARING came home from her protracted visit to the south just one month to the day after Willard had left the city. I cannot say that she did not keep the date of this departure sadly in her memory, but she was a healthy, sound-minded girl, and during her visit had learned many useful lessons. Never did she love her mother so well, never did she listen with such loving reverence to the kind words of counsel given by her father at the evening prayer-time. Her home seemed the sweetest place on earth and she entered into all the small home plans with a strong interest and pleasure.

She was too pretty and winsome to escape having plenty of that material to practice her cute ways upon, called in western dialect "beaus," but some way they all remained "beaus," none became lovers. She would feel attracted to one for weeks at a time, and under the influence of that attraction I am afraid she gave the youth strong encouragement to become lover-like. Whenever he accepted her preference, however, as a hint for such conduct she would fly about like a wind-swept weathercock, and begin to actually



despise the "very ground he walked upon." I was often reminded of the very old comparison about the moths and candle at this period of Rhoda's life, and it did seem so strange that the lads themselves could not see how it would inevitably turn out.

Sometimes, indeed, a swain would prove rather "hard-headed," and then it was amusing to watch "my lady," for she seemed possessed of a spirit of perverse attraction to such a youth, and so bright, so winning, so variable was she in all her pretty moods, that sooner or later the unlucky swain surrendered at indiscretion, and very soon thereafter joined the singed-wing gentry that marked her comet-like flight through the festivities of the time.

I am not prepared to defend Rhoda's conduct in these matters, indeed, she earned a very hard name from the "Singed-wing Corps," as Moroni derisively dubbed them, that of a "coquette." Perhaps she deserved it. One by one, however, they came, were seen and, no matter how obdurate, fell before the sweet eyes of the laughing girl.

There was one thing about her which softened my judgment of her conduct, and one other thing which raised her infinitely in my old-fashioned mind. I knew well that the girl's heart was hungry and empty. She had struggled honestly to drive out the unwelcome image love had set up in her white soul, for she really believed her devotion to Willard was ill-placed, scorned and unwelcome; for this cause she eagerly sought to find a new object on which to pour the affection of her heart. It seemed to be neither her fault nor the fault of her many admirers that she was each time disappointed. I sometimes feared, though, that impulse might lead her to accept a transient attraction as a permanent affection and thus wreck her life. This was in God's hands.

The cause which so deepened my respect for the girl was a firm refusal to accept any attentions from married men. I knew men foolish enough to seek her society on the same footing the young men took; but Rhoda

openly refused to even come down into the parlor if they came "a-wooing."

"No," she told one flirting father, "if you want to come and see me, bring both of your wives with you. I don't intend to marry a married man, so you will do no good coming to see me. If I ever should break my resolution, be sure of one thing, I shall not walk over another woman's heart to my happiness. So if I want to marry you or any other married man, I shall do so without one hour's 'sparking.' The man who 'sparks' me and leaves other wives sorrowing at home while he does so, would 'spark' other women after he got me and leave me at home to suffer as I had made others to suffer. No, sir, I don't care to have you come to see me, unless, indeed, you bring your whole family with you."

When she told me of this brave little rebuke which she administered to a gay married man, I knew my Rhoda was firmly intrenched behind the bulwark of principle, and I could leave her to God and her destiny without any fears.

Thus passed two years of the time which Willard spent on his mission.

Aseneth was a happy girl, and when, about eight months after Willard left, she became the mother of a little girl with dark curls all over the tiny head, she was so full of deep content that she hardly knew how to express her gratitude to God.

When the news reached her husband, he wrote:

"DEAREST WIFE:

"And am I again a father to a child which mine eyes have never beheld? Two women have brought into this world spirits from God, clothed upon with part of my very being. I am the father of a son and a daughter, and still unblessed as yet with a single look into their little faces, a single kiss from the crumpled rose-leaf cheeks. Ah, well, God is very merciful, very good! You must kiss my little daughter (how the name thrills my heart!) morning and evening for her absent father.

"I am trying, and I believe succeeding fairly well, in carrying out President Kimball's advice. Not often does my heart turn longingly to home, Zion, wife, but now the sweet addition of *child* is added, these few hours following the receipt of your letter have turned me heart-home-ward, and I don't think God is displeased with me for the

tears of love, gratitude and joy which you see have already blurred much of this letter.

"Always so unselfish, my good wife, your suggestion to call *our* baby daughter after my lost Hortense filled me with a double sense of painful pleasure. You knew it would do so, did you not? I say, Yes, a thousand times, Yes. I wish you would have taken the matter in your own hands and had her blest by the Bishop on the eighth day, as is the custom in the Church. But never mind, I will take her in my arms when I come home and give her a father's blessing that I feel will go with her clear into eternity."

The letter contained many loving injunctions to the patient little wife in Utah, and was read over many times in whispers to Mistress Hortense as she lay in pink helplessness near her mother's rocking chair.

"Any letters from Willard?" queried Lovina and Rhoda one day as they stood in the door, being down to Aunt Sarah's on a visit.

"Yes," answered Aseneth smilingly, "but it's only a short one this time." She did not mention its extra sweetness, nor would she read it as she did sometimes his long, interesting descriptions of travel. Her fine sense of tact kept her silent while Rhoda was present.

"What does he have to say about our princess?" persisted Lou, who had lifted the pretty bundle from the homely home-made crib and was making the baby's eyes blink with the explosive kisses which she showered upon face and neck.

"Oh, he is pleased at my wanting to name her Hortense," answered Aseneth.

"Aseneth Lang—Gibbs!" with a tiny catch in Rhoda's voice at the last name, "you weren't generous enough to propose naming her after that woman?"

"Why not?" replied Aseneth, calmly.

The question staggered Rhoda, for surely why should she have anything to say or think about a thing so manifestly none of her business. "Well!" she ejaculated, "you are certainly the oddest girl I ever saw."

"It shouldn't be odd to be as unselfish to others as you would like them to be to you," said Aseneth, as she took the baby.

In some way the quiet words, the tiny

bobbing head with dark curls so like its father's, the intense love shown by the mother in her quick caress, set Rhoda's mind off in a new channel of thought. What is love? What its best expression, and what relation does it bear to life?

These questions were not formulated and reasoned out in the girl's mind, but a new train of thought, a new way of thinking about these matters sprang into being on the moment. Aseneth was, of course, utterly unconscious of the thoughts she had awakened by her simple, earnest words, and chatted idly with Louvina about Aunt Sarah's last baby and the shortening of baby Hortense.

"Aseneth is a splendid, good girl, isn't she?" said Rhoda, as the two girls went back to Aunt Sarah's.

"She is that, I only wish we could be more like her."

"We can be, I guess, if we try. Mother always says we can be anything we want to be."

Louvina was thinking of her marriage to a young man from Farmington, and wondering if she could be as good and unselfish in all her wifely acts. Rhoda's thoughts were very busy. She loved Aseneth's baby girl with a strange intentness that warned her how futile had been her efforts to forget the father. She had ever successfully concealed her feelings, however, beneath a mask of light laughter and raillery. Aseneth she could love, she knew as a sister, for no one could resist the gentle young wife; but how Aseneth could forgive that haughty, Gentile wife who had cast her husband aside from pride and intolerance, this was inexplicable to Rhoda. And to name her own baby after the woman, thus calling the hated image up to her husband's eyes every time she was mentioned! Certainly Rhoda could not comprehend it.

After, in the quiet of the night, in thinking the matter over, a sudden new vision of the wife in the East, alone, deserted, proud and loving, suffering both from her own doings and the actions of her adored husband, all this came to Rhoda's impulsive imagina-



tive heart, called up by Aseneth's noble words, and she began dimly to see the wide, sweet path which Aseneth walked in, the path of unselfish love, find its chiefest joy in making the loved ones happy. Was that true love? she questioned. It was true love, and true Mormonism; and Rhoda had just begun to learn the lesson spread out on silent page of night reaching clear to the end of the Lamb's Book of Life.

In the winter of 1863, the following letter to Willard was forwarded by Aseneth to him in England:

"DEAR FRIEND WILLARD:

"I write you this last message before I join in this terrible war. I have endured the strain so long I am almost crazy. Mother writes me daily, urging, begging, commanding me to join the southern forces and 'stand up for the principle of right and justice.' While you know my own sympathies are all northern. My long association with my uncles in Philadelphia, and the clear duty I owe to my native country drive me to accept a position in the northern army. I have hesitated between the two hell-stools long enough. You may add in your own mind the rest of the adage. Well, maybe I shall fall; but even death would be a welcome release from the sufferings I have endured the last two years. Another element of uncertainty and half-misery has been added to my mind through those books you sent me. Willard, *I am afraid* they contain truth. The aims and ambitions of my life have fallen away from me even as a cloak that is threadbare and rotten; and I know instinctively that I am not morally brave enough to face all that you did for the truth of the Almighty. This haunts me nightly, while the face of war and the old familiar cries of 'honor' and 'country' grin and howl at me every hour of the day. To finish, I have enlisted in the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers which goes at once to the seat of war in the Shanandoah Valley. We shall be under General Hooker, and hope to succeed in driving Lee from his stronghold in Fredricksburg.

I must tell you that poor Hortense is fairly wild. From her letters to me she is about as badly fixed as I am. She is all northern in her sympathies and being one who speaks her convictions freely, she and mother are daily fighting the country's battles over their work tables. Mother threatens dreadful calamities, and the poor girl would gladly leave if she possibly could. The child is her sole comfort and hourly torment, for mother constantly swears she will abduct the little fellow unless Hortense stays with her and helps the southern cause. I sent Hortense the little volume called 'Spencer's Letters,' but she has never acknowledged receiving it. If you possibly can do so, go down and see Hortense when you return from your mission, for some way I feel you could do her some good. Get her away from that hell-hole if

you can, for our old home is in the thick of the fight."

Should you never hear from me again, always remember me as  
Your true friend,

"OSCAR."

This letter Willard sent to the Presidency in Utah and asked for counsel in the matter. Just a week before his release came—in September, 1863, he received answer, counseling him to go down into Virginia, if he could get there, and bring his wife and child back with him. A letter to Utah's delegate, Dr. J. M. Bernhisel, was enclosed, which would be of assistance to him in getting passports.

In the same mail was a letter from his staunch friend Bishop Mainwaring with an order on the P. E. Agent in New York city for \$175.00, the letter telling Willard he had read his letter to President Young, and he knew he would need some means to accomplish the desired object. The worthy Bishop concluded with a few simple words reminding Willard of his two years' faithful labors in the writer's interests and that they were not forgotten.

Willard was so overjoyed he scarcely knew how to behave himself, but went out into the dirty streets of Liverpool and walked miles over the uneven pavement to cool down his enthusiasm, his mind constantly recurring to the popular refrain of the American war song "Glory, glory, hallelujah."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

TWO gentlemen, friends who had been parted for several years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:—

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow to dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And they parted, the stranger in the city getting into the street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic.

They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard them say, with a look of disdain:—

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too!"—"I should'nt like to leave home if I had to look like that; would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed, but there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face, and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation: "Why, there's Netty! wonder where she is going!" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one. "Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clarke's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glanced toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then forgetting

she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly locket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks, as she asked of his sister:—

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure?"

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:—

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears but those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm. After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:—

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes!"

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the

little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister with a heart full of gratitude following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat-carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 475.)

**D**URING the same year mentioned in our last number the Lord again appeared to Abraham in the plain of Mamre. As he sat in the door of his tent in the heat of the day, he looked up, and three men stood near him. He ran to meet them, bowed himself before them and entreated that they would tarry and rest awhile and partake of some food.

As was the custom, water was brought and the travelers' feet washed. Abraham killed a young calf and dressed it, which, with butter and milk and cakes of fine meal prepared by Sarah, were placed before their visitors, who partook, while Abraham stood by conversing with them. They asked him where was his wife. He replied that she was in the tent. They then made known to him that they were angels of the Lord and renewed the promise that Sarah should have a son the next year. Sarah, who overheard them, laughed to herself at the strange promise, whereupon the angel reproved her, asking if anything was too hard for the Lord.

Taking their leave, they bent their steps toward Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham accompanying them a portion of the way, during which time the Lord made known to him that Sodom and Gomorrah should be destroyed because of their abominations. Abraham entreated Him to spare the righteous. The Lord promised to spare the city if fifty righteous persons could be found therein. Similar promises were made if there could be found forty-five, forty, thirty, twenty, or even ten righteous men in the whole community. Then the Lord went His way and Abraham

returned to his tent. But in those great centers of iniquity not even ten righteous men could be found, therefore the cities were doomed to destruction.

The Lord remembered His promise to Abraham and sent two angels to warn Lot and his family to flee out of the city and country if they would escape destruction. They were told not to look back, on pain of incurring the displeasure of the Lord. Lot, his wife and two daughters were the only members of the family who would listen to the warning. These fled, but, unluckily, Lot's wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt. Lot had entreated to be permitted to sojourn at Zoar, a small town near by, but when he beheld that fire and brimstone descended from heaven and consumed Sodom, Gomorrah and the cities of the plain, he became fearful of their safety and fled to the mountains, carrying his two daughters with him. Here they dwelt in a cave. The Moabites and Ammonites were descendants of these two daughters of Lot.

Abraham now changed his residence to Gerar, in the south country between Kadesh and Shur.

When the time arrived of which the Lord had spoken, Sarah bore a son according to the promise she had received, and they called his name Isaac. At the age of eight days the child was circumcised, as was the custom with all Hebrew children. Abraham's age was one hundred years when Isaac, the "son of promise" was born to him.

Sarah was filled with great joy because of her child, and when one day she saw Ishmael, now a boy of thirteen years, mocking at her boy, she bade Abraham cast out the bondwoman and her son, saying he should not be heir with Isaac.

This grieved Abraham greatly, as he loved Ishmael; but the Lord commanded that he should do as Sarah wished, as it was through Isaac that their covenant should be realized. At the same time a great blessing was pronounced upon the head of Ishmael, because he was the son of Abraham.

So Hagar and her son were sent away with a supply of bread and water, and they went into the wilderness of Beersheba. When the water in the bottle was spent they were about to perish of thirst. Hagar laid the child under a shrub and went away a short distance, saying she could not see him die. She cast herself upon the ground and wept. While in this attitude an angel appeared to her and told her to arise and take her child, for he should be made a great nation. He then directed her where to find water. Thus by the power of God they were saved from perishing.

The blessings pronounced upon the head of Ishmael were literally fulfilled. He grew up, dwelt in the wilderness of Paran and became an archer. His mother took him a wife from among her kinspeople, the Egyptians. Twelve princes were among his descendants. The modern Arabs are supposed to have descended from the ancient Ishmaelites.

It appears that God did not propose to bestow such mighty blessings upon Abraham and his family without first thoroughly testing their faith; just as in later times those who profess His name are chastened and tried to the utmost to prove their sincerity.

It would seem that nothing could have been more grievous to the heart of the fond father than the divine command to offer up as a sacrifice the son of his old age, on whom the fulfillment of God's covenant with him depended. But the faith of the Patriarch was unwavering. He knew that God's promises could not be broken, and that all things were possible for Him to perform. He felt that if the sacrifice of his son was necessary for the consummation of the Lord's purposes, he was ready to obey His commands, even if natural parental feelings forbade the act.

He therefore made all necessary preparations; went to the place assigned; built the altar; bound Isaac upon it and was about to plunge the knife into his heart, when his hand was arrested by the voice of the Lord calling "Abraham, Abraham."

He answered, "Here am I." And the

Lord said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only begotten son from me."

Seeing a ram caught by its horns in a thicket, Abraham offered it as a sacrifice instead of his son, after which the Lord renewed his covenant with him and Abraham returned to his tent.

We can better imagine than describe the joy and gratitude of that father's heart when he realized that his faith had been triumphant and he was still able to return with his child unharmed.

The next event of interest was the death of Sarah, at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven years, in 1860, B. C.

Abraham mourned the death of his wife many days. He purchased of the sons of Heth the field and cave of Machpelah for four hundred shekels of silver. This cave was situated before Mamre, in Hebron. Here he buried his dead.

Isaac by this time had grown to manhood, and his father desired to see him married and settled down in life. He did not wish him to marry of the daughters of the Canaanites, but of his own kindred, therefore he sent his steward to the land where their kinspeople dwelt to choose a wife for Isaac.

This, perhaps, seems strange to the young people of the present age, but at the time of which we are writing it was the custom for the parents to arrange the marriages of their children.

The steward took with him ten camels and their drivers and many presents and set out for the city Nahor in Mesopotamia.

When he came to a well outside the city he prayed to the Lord that of the maidens who came there for water, the one of whom he should ask a drink from her pitcher for himself and camels, and who should readily comply with his request, should be the one appointed for his master Isaac.

Scarcely had he ceased praying, when he beheld a fair and comely damsel approaching

with her pitcher on her head. To her he put the question. She immediately gave him a drink and then drew water for his camels. On inquiring her name he was surprised and overjoyed to find that she was the grandchild of Nahor, Abraham's brother. She was equally pleased to learn that he came from her relatives in the south and invited him to her father's house. The servant made Rebekah (for that was her name) presents of an earring and bracelet of gold and returned with her to her father's home.

He was kindly received by her family, who seemed much pleased when they learned the object of his journey. The maid was allowed to do as she chose in the matter. Her answer being favorable, they set out the next day to return to the land of Canaan, the presents to the family of gold and silver being delivered up to Bethuel and his sons.

Isaac met them on the way, and they returned to the well of Lahai Rai, where Isaac was dwelling at the time. Rebekah became his wife, and we are told that Isaac loved her and was comforted after his mother's death. Isaac was forty years old at the time of his marriage.

Abraham married another wife named Keturah, by whom he had six sons. Isaac was his heir and succeeded to all his possessions; but to his other sons he gave large gifts and sent them away into the east country while he yet lived.

At the age of one hundred and seventy-five years Abraham died and was buried in the cave of Machpelah by the side of his wife Sarah.

For many years Isaac and Rebekah had no children, though much desiring them. Finally Isaac entreated the Lord that He would grant him an heir. His prayer was heard and in due time twin sons were born to them, whom they named Esau and Jacob. Esau grew up and became a hunter and was beloved by his father; while Jacob, the mother's favorite, was a plain man and dwelt in tents.

Esau, being one day hungry, sold his birth right to his younger brother for a mess of

pottage, a kind of soup made from lentils. This act shows that at that time he cared little for his position as elder brother, and the promise of the Lord to Rebekah before their birth that the younger should rule the elder, was in a fair way to be realized.

There came a famine in the land about this time, and the Lord commanded Isaac to go into the land of the Philistines and sojourn there.

Here he adopted the same course that his father had when in Egypt, by representing to Abimelech, the king of the Philistines, that Rebekah was his sister. When the king discovered the deception he reproved Isaac, but gave orders that any who should harm them should be put to death. Isaac was greatly prospered while in this land, so much so that the Philistines became envious. He finally removed thence to Beersheba, afterward concluding a treaty of peace with the king of the Philistines.

When Esau was forty years of age he took for his wives two of the daughters of the Hittites. This was a great affliction to his parents, who desired him to marry among their own kindred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE JUDGMENT OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

In the Time of Henry the Eighth.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 441.]

SHE rose the following morning with the melancholy conviction that no resource now remained but the wretched one of supplicating alms of the charitably disposed in streets and highways. Nothing but the imperative urgency of the case could have reconciled the meek and timid Dorothy to a mode of life so every way repugnant to her feelings.

"We wept when we saw my dear mother laid in the cold and silent grave; but now I rejoice that she was spared the grief of seeing this day," said the sorrowful orphan, when

she commenced her unwonted vocation, and experienced the bitter taunts of the pampered menials of the great, the rude repulses of the unfeeling, or the grave rebukes of the stern, but well-meaning moralists, who, though they awarded their charity, accompanied their alms with reflections on the disreputable and lazy trade she had adopted. Some there were indeed, who, touched with the sweetness and modesty of her manners and appearance, spake to the forlorn one kindly, relieved her present wants, and bade her call again; but the number of these was comparatively small: and the bread which she earned so hardly for herself and her aged relative was, literally speaking, steeped in her tears. While pursuing her miserable occupation, she sadly missed the company and caresses of the faithful Constant. "He would have been kind and affectionate," she said, "if all the world had frowned upon her." Her change of circumstances made no alteration in his regard; if she were in sickness or sorrow, and others chided or scorned her, he appeared to redouble his endearments; and, while he was by her side, she did not feel so very lonely—so sweet it is to be assured of the love of one friend, however humble. Sometimes, too, she thought she should feel less sorrowful if she were assured that he had fallen into good hands.

Meantime, days and weeks passed away, her clothes grew old and her shoes were worn out, and Dorothy, who was accustomed to appear so neat and nice in her attire, was reduced to the garb of the most abject misery: but though barefooted and sorely pinched with cold and famine, she thought less of her own sufferings than of the privations to which her blind grandmother was exposed.

One evening, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and Dorothy had been begging all day without receiving a single penny in alms, neither had she tasted a morsel of food since a very early hour in the morning, her strength failed her; and, overcome by cold, hunger, weariness and sorrow, she sat down on a heap of frozen snow by the way-side,

and wept bitterly. The river Thames was then frozen over; she had walked across it on the ice, and was now in the parish of Chelsea. She regretted that she had ventured so far from her home, for she was oppressed with fatigue; and, though she saw the trees and houses on the opposite shores of Battersea so near, she felt as if she could not reach them that night. A drowsy feeling, the fatal effects of cold and hunger combined, was stealing over her; she tried to rouse herself, "for," she faintly whispered to herself "my poor grandmother will be so uneasy, if I do not return: but then," she thought, "how pleasantly I could go to sleep here, and forget all my troubles! I am not cold now, only so very, very drowsy;" and, though aware that if she did yield to these lethargic feelings, her sleep would be the sleep of death, she required some stimulus, more powerful than even that conviction, to dispel the soporific influence of the deadly cold which had seized her tender frame, like a withering blight, and benumbed her faculties. But at the very moment when the shores of Battersea, with their snow-clad trees and houses, were fading before her closing eyes, and she was sinking passively and almost pleasingly into that slumber from which she would never have awakened, she was aroused by a dog bounding suddenly upon her with a joyful cry, and licking her benumbed face and hands with the most passionate demonstrations of affection.

"Ah, my dear, dear Constant! is it you?" she exclaimed in an impulsive burst of delight at this unexpected encounter. The icy bonds of the death-sleep that had enchained her were broken; she returned the eager caresses of the faithful animal with the rapture of one who is suddenly restored to a long-lost friend; and, starting from the ground with renewed strength and spirits, she exclaimed, "I shall be able to reach home now I have found you, my pretty Constant, my own dear dog!"

"Your dog, hussey?" interposed a serving-man rudely separating the reunited friends, "I'd have you know that this dog belongs to

my Lady More, whose footman I have the honor to be.'

"Indeed, indeed, it is my dog that was stolen from me, on the Knightsbridge-road, by a hard-hearted man," sobbed Dorothy; she was going to add, "just such a one as yourself," but she stopped short.

"And pray, my sweet mistress, may I ask how a beggar-wench, like yourself, came in possession of a dog of such a rare and costly breed?" demanded the man with a sneer.

"He was given to me, when quite a puppy, by my sovereign lady, good queen Catharine, who was ever gracious unto me," said she.

"Ho! ho! ho! was she so?" responded the man, bursting into an insulting laugh; "a likely tale, forsooth! you look like a queen's minion, my mistress, do you not? Well, well, it is not a small lie that will choke you! Good night, my fair courtier, 'tis too cold to stand parleying with you on the matter. So saying, he laid violent hands on Constant; and in spite of his resistance and Dorothy's tears and passionate remonstrances, he tucked him under his arm, and trudged off.

Cold, hunger, weariness and dejection, were alike forgotten by the bereaved mistress of Constant at the prospect of a second separation from this faithful friend, whose affecting remembrance of her, after so long an absence, had endeared him to her more than ever; and, without a moment's hesitation, she followed the servant as quickly as her naked and lacerated feet could carry her over the frozen snow, till he arrived at the gates of Sir Thomas More's mansion, which she essayed to enter with him.

"Why, you saucy young jade!" exclaimed he, thrusting her back; "this is a pass of impudence beyond any thing I ever heard of! Don't you know that I am my Lady More's own footman, and Sir Thomas More, my lady's husband, is the lord high Chancellor of England?"

"I pray you then to bring me to the speech of her ladyship," said Dorothy, "for the

higher she be, the more will it behove her to do me justice."

On this the serving man, who was aware that his lady was a proud worldly woman, and by no means likely to resign her favorite dog to a beggar girl, laughed immoderately. Some of his fellow servants who were standing by, joined in his mirth, while others were so cruel as to address many jeering remarks to Dorothy on her dress and appearance, all which she heard patiently, and meekly replied, "the fashion of her clothes was not of her choice, but her necessity, to which she prayed that none of those who reviled her might ever be exposed:" and, when none would undertake to bring her to the speech of lady More, she seated herself on a stone at the gates of the court yard, to wait for the appearance of some of the family, though she was exposed to the inclemency of the snow-storm, which beat on the uncovered head of the friendless orphan.

At length she heard the sound of wheels, and the servants came hastily to throw open the gates, crying, "Room, room, for my lord chancellor's coach;" and all the daughters of Sir Thomas More, with their husbands and children, came forth to welcome him, as was their custom; for that great and good man was very tenderly beloved of his family, to every member of which he was most fondly attached; yet, when he saw the half-naked child sitting so sorrowfully at his gate, he looked reproachfully on them all, and said, "How, now, have ye all learned the parable of Lazarus and Dives to so little purpose, that ye suffer this forlorn one to remain without the gates in such an evening that no Christian would turn a dog from the fire?"

"Noble sir," said Dorothy, making a lowly reverence to Sir Thomas, "none of this good family wist of my distress, nor have I applied to them for an alms the cause of my making bold to come hither was upon another matter, on which I beseech your worshipful lordship to do me justice."

"Well, my little maiden, it is cold deciding on causes here," said Sir Thomas: "so



thou shalt step into my kitchen with the servants; and, after thou art fed and warmed, I will hear thee on thy matter."

Now, though the words "fed and warmed," sounded pleasantly enough in the ears of the cold, half-famished child, yet her attachment to her dog prevailed over every other consideration, and she said, "Alack, noble sir! though I stand greatly in need of your hospitable charity, yet it would be more satisfaction to me if you would be pleased to hear me forthwith on the matter of my dog, which is detained from me by one of my Lady More's serving-men, under the false pretence that it belongeth to her ladyship."

"Go to, thou saucy vagrant! hast thou the boldness to claim my favorite dog before my face?" exclaimed a very sour-spoken and hard-favored old gentlewoman, whom Dorothy had not before observed.

"Craving your honorable ladyship's pardon," replied Dorothy curtsying, "I do not claim your ladyship's dog, for that would be a sin; but I demand my own to be restored to me, in which I hope I wrong no one, seeing he is my own lawful property, which a false caitiff took violently from me three months ago."

"That agreeth well with the time when your dog Sultan was presented to you, Mistress Alice," observed Sir Thomas, significantly.

"Tilley-valley! tilley-valley!" ejaculated lady More in a pet; that is ever the way in which you cross me, Sir Thomas, making out withal as though I were a receiver of stolen goods."

"Nay, patience, my lady: I went not so far as to decide the cause before I had heard both sides of the question, which it is my purpose to do without farther delay," returned Sir Thomas, smiling: "so follow me into court, both plaintiff and defendant, and I will give judgment between the parties before I sup;" and, with a merry air, he led the way into the servants' hall, where, placing himself in the housekeeper's chair, and putting on his cap, he said, "Beggar versus my

lady; open the pleadings, and speak boldly."

But poor Dorothy, instead of speaking, hung down her head, and burst into tears.

"How! speechless!" said Sir Thomas: "then must the court appoint counsel for the plaintiff. Daughter Margaret, do you closet the plaintiff, hear her case, and plead for her."

Then Mistress Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas' eldest daughter, with a benevolent smile, took the abashed, trembling girl aside; and having with soothing words, drawn the particulars of her melancholy story from her, she advanced to the front of Sir Thomas' chair, leading the weeping orphan by the hand, and attempted to humor the scene by opening her client's case in a witty imitation of legal terms, after the manner of a grave lawyer; but, as she proceeded to detail the circumstances under which the dog was lost, recognized, and again taken from the friendless orphan, she, by imperceptible degrees, changed her style to the simple pathetic terms in which the child had related the tale to her—the language—the unadorned language of truth and feeling, which never fails to come home to every bosom. All present, save my Lady More, who preserved a very impenetrable demeanor, were dissolved in tears: as for the poor plaintiff, she covered her face with a part of her tattered garments, and sobbed aloud; and the counsel, herself, was compelled to pause for a moment to overcome her own emotion, ere she could conclude her eloquent appeal on her client's behalf.

"Thou hast pleaded well, my good Meg," said Sir Thomas, smiling through his tears on his best beloved daughter; "but now must we hear the defendant's reply, for the plaintiff ever appeareth in the right till after the defendant hath spoken: so now, my lady, what hast thou to say in this matter?"

"My lady hath to repeat what she hath too often said before, that Sir Thomas More's jests are ever out of place," replied my lady in a huff.

"Nay, marry, good Mistress Alice, an thou have naught better to the purpose to respond,

I must be fain to give judgment for the plaintiff in this case."

"Tilley-valley, Sir Thomas! thou art enough to provoke a saint with thy eternal quips and gibes," replied her ladyship: "I tell you the dog is my property, and was presented to me by an honorable gentlemen, one master Rich, whom you, Sir Thomas, know well; and he said he bought him of a dealer in such gear."

"Which dealer probably stole him from my client," said Mistress Margaret Roper.

"Nay, but, daughter Margaret, how knowest thou that Sultan was ever this wench's property?" retorted Lady More, sharply.

"Well answered, defendant," said Sir Thomas: "we must call a witness whose evidence must decide that matter. Son Roper, bring the dog Sultan, alias Constant, into court."

The eyes of Dorothy brightened at the sight of her old companion; and Sir Thomas More, taking him into his hands, said, 'Here now am I placed in as great a strait as ever was King Solomon, in respect to the memorable case in which he was called upon to decide whose was the living child, which both mothers claimed, and to whom pertained the dead, which neither would acknowledge. This maiden saith, the dog which I hold is hers, and was violently taken from her three months ago: my lady replies, 'Nay, but he is mine, and was presented to me by an honorable man,' (one of the king's chancellors forsooth). Now, in this matter, the dog is wiser than my lord chancellor, for he knoweth unto whom he of right pertaineth; and, therefore, upon his witness must the decision of this controversy depend. So now, my lady, you stand at the upper end of the hall, as benefits your quality, and you, my little maiden go to the lower; and each of you call the dog by the name which you have been wont to do: and to whichever of you twain he goeth, that person I adjudge to be his rightful owner."

"Oh, my Lord, I ask no other test!" exclaimed Dorothy joyfully.

"Sultan! Sultan! come to thy mistress, my pretty Sultan!" said my lady, in her most blandishing tone, accompanying her words with such actions of enticement as she judged most likely to win him over to her; but he paid not the slightest heed to the summons. Dorothy simply pronounced the word "Constant!" and the dog bounded from between the hands of Sir Thomas More, who had lightly held him till both claimants had spoken, leaped upon her, and overwhelmed her with his passionate caresses.

"It is a clear case," said Sir Thomas: "the dog hath acknowledged his mistress, and his witness is incontrovertible. Constant, thou art worthy of thy name."

"Hark ye, wench!" said my Lady More, whose desire of retaining the object of dispute had increased with the prospect of losing him, "I will give thee a good price for thy dog, if thou art disposed to sell him."

"Sell my dear, beautiful, faithful Constant! O, never, never!" exclaimed Dorothy, throwing her arms about her newly recovered favorite, and kissing him with the fondest affection.

"I will give thee a golden angel, and a new suit of clothes to boot, for him, which, I should think, a beggar-girl were mad to refuse," pursued Lady More.

"Nay, nay, my lady, never tempt me with your gold," said Dorothy; "or my duty to my poor blind grandmother will compel me to close with your offer, though it should break my heart withal."

"Nay, child, an' thou hast a blind old grandmother, whom thou lovest so well, I will add a warm blanket, and a linsey-woolsey gown for her wear, unto the price I have already named," said the persevering Lady More:—"speak, shall I have him?" pursued she, pressing the bargain home.

Dorothy averted her head, to conceal the large tears that rolled down her pale cheeks, as she sobbed out, "Ye—s, my lady."

"Dear child," said Sir Thomas, "thou hast made a noble sacrifice to thy duty: 'tis

pity that thou hast taken up so bad a trade as begging, for thou art worthy of better things."

"It is for my poor blind grandmother," said the weeping Dorothy: "I have no other means of getting bread for her."

"I will find thee a better employment," said Sir Thomas, kindly; "thou shalt be my daughter Roper's waiting-maid, if thou canst resolve to quit the wandering life of a beggar, and settle to an honest service."

"How joyfully would I embrace your offer, noble sir, if I could do so without being separated from my aged grandmother, who has no one in the world but me," replied Dorothy, looking up between smiles and tears.

"Nay, God forbid that I should put asunder those whom nature hath so fondly united in the holy bands of love and duty," said Sir Thomas More, wiping away a tear: "my house is large enough to hold ye both; and while I have a roof to call my own, it shall contain a corner for the blind and aged widow and the destitute orphan: that so, when the fashion of this world passeth away, they may witness for me before Him, with whom there is no respect of persons, and who judgeth every man according to his works."

#### A DREAM.

I THOUGHT I was standing in a crowd upon a public thoroughfare of a large town. It was late in the day and the sounds of labor and of traffic had died away. The merchant had returned to his home to think of his gains; the employee had dragged his weary limbs to a place of rest. Everything was in a state of comparative silence except in the crowd where I was situated. This was made up of quite a number of individuals of different types and nationalities. The mixture was very diversified, from the gray-haired man of dignified and imposing appearance to the common drunkard with obscenity upon

his lips. On one side was a minister with his saintly look and monotonous tone talking of salvation; while near by, with blatant voice and oft-repeated profanity, the atheist talked of delusion and deception. Politics of every phase were represented. The Nihilist with scowling brow moved like a pestilence amid the throng. Republican and Democrat, Liberal, Radical and Socialist voiced their views in earnest words. Yet another variation to the Babel was the shrill voice of some boot-black in ribald jest, or the loud laugh of a woman unknown to shame.

Here was food for observation, and I stood apart from the rest watching their movements in silence. Thought I, "These are the sons and daughters of God." Then I heard the atheist say, "There is no God but nature!" My thoughts resumed, "And being sons and daughters of God, possessing in some extent the attributes of their Father, what a glorious chance for the exercising of those precious gifts until men become brothers and sisters in act as well as in name."

The deep voice of the Nihilist interrupted me: "Break the bonds of love—loose the ties of friendship—cut apart the connections that bind man to man in society—build the castles of vice upon the ruins of virtue, and your mission is replete."

In despair I turned my thoughts upon my mother and upon those of her sex whom I loved for her sake. "In them," said I, "virtue shall have a stronghold that no power, however great, can successfully assail."

In horror I heard a woman's voice say, "And what is virtue! But a mask that Satan uses to play the part of saint—but a garb we wear while we mend our robes of sin!"

I leaned against the wall. "Virtue, honor, gratitude—all are gone and this world is but a world of strife and revelry. Why not mingle with the crowd and become as they?"

The minister approached me. He noticed my dejected appearance. "Young man," said he, "an accusing conscience is hard to bear. The weight of sin presses heavily on your soul. May not the love of Christ dispel

your gloom and lighten your sorrows? Open your heart to receive His grace."

"God knows my heart is ever ready to accept His glorious gift! My heart sinks not beneath the weight of my own sins, though they are many. I mourn for those darkened minds wrapped up in a cloak of ignorance too thick to be penetrated. They each think they see, yet see not. In the heart of each is an idea of happiness—how different, their actions tell! Their lives cannot, like the streams that flow, purify by flowing. They do not run towards heaven's bright ocean, they will soon be seething together in the abyss of hell."

At this moment our attention was drawn by the strange action of the mob, who seemed with one accord to be intently looking at some approaching object. I turned my eyes down the road and beheld a most wonderful sight. I saw coming, with measured step, an old man; his hair was white as snow, and the expression of his face was such that I shall never forget it. It showed great wisdom, benevolence, love and charity. His garb was partly ancient, partly modern, yet what would otherwise appear to be an incongruity, was so skillfully arranged as to present a very pleasing aspect. He carried in one hand a staff and in the other a great book with bits of colored silk between the leaves as if to mark particular places. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but with his head slightly inclined upward kept an undeviating course.

From this strange yet pleasing figure my attention was called to another equally as remarkable. Not far behind the aged leader followed a beautiful girl, full of grace. There was a sad yet patient and hopeful expression upon her face, and her eyes, which I knew were her most beautiful features, were closed, and her feet were bare. Her leader would now and then give directions in a low, kind voice, and though her eyes were closed and she seemed to be oblivious to her surroundings, yet she seldom struck her foot against a stone, but walked confident and erect.

As they drew near us some of the mob began to deride them. "Where so fast, old man?" said one, and noticing a large, golden clasp on the book in his hand he continued, "Your book were better pawned to buy covering for the feet of your lady." "Girl," another said, "your friend has little love for you or his means are small: were you my follower your beauty would buy you a place at my side, and that in a carriage."

A crimson blush dyed the girl's cheek. The atheist pointed at the strangers and said in a sneering voice to the minister, "But an example of what your Bible teaches!"

The taunts and jeers of the mob had caused the tears to escape from the eyes of the poor blind girl, and half-imploringly, half-joyfully she sang in clear though quavering accents the following words, which will remain in my mind forever:

"Dear Lord, though covered be my sight,  
Though loud be taunts and jeers,  
My heart drinks in thy glorious light,  
Thy love dispels my fears.

"Though bare and tender be my feet,  
My path no velvet green;  
My woes I take as pleasures sweet,  
Which thou, dear Lord, hast seen."

The crowd was somewhat abashed by the gentle spirit manifested by the girl, and the two strange travelers passed on and up the street. As they moved away I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to follow them. My sympathy had gone out for the seemingly friendless girl, and my indignation at the brutal actions of the crowd could not have been controlled but for the thought that my unaided voice would be a futile weapon against their strength and might subject the object of my compassion to additional harsh treatment.

I followed the two, paying no attention to the mob, which by this time seemed to surmise the cause of my departure. The path that the aged leader chose led over some benches directly toward a high mountain, not far from the base of which the town was situated.

As walking slowly along, my mind was filled with questions as to the object of the strange pair in advance. What could be the intention of the leader, and what moved the girl to put such implicit confidence in her aged companion? As they pursued their journey the path began to be rougher and strewn with stones, and now and then a slight exclamation of pain would escape the lips of the patient follower as she struck her tender feet against some sharp obstruction. Presently a very difficult piece of road lay before us, and unable longer to conceal my consideration for her feelings under the cloak of delicacy, I stepped forward, touched her shoulder and begged permission to take her hand and guide her through the difficult passage. She seemed startled, probably more at my kindness than at my sudden appearance, but with a gentle gesture and kind expression of thanks she declined my proffered assistance. Her guide, in a few words, bade the girl walk more slowly; and with great care on her part she soon passed over the rough ground.

Not to be thwarted in my desires, ill-timed and ungentelemanly though they might be, to learn more of the strange couple, I once more drew near to the girl. "Lady," said I, "a feeling of delicacy must not close my lips against what my heart desires to utter. I saw your patience under the jeers of the mob, I noticed your fortitude under pain and your confidence in the will of another. You will not count it rude of me if my regard for your welfare should prompt me to ask what motive lends such strength to your soul. Your object cannot be secret, for your actions are such as to court investigation; you surely cannot be deceived, for such divine confidence and patience are not born of deceit. May I not know your name and the foundation of the hope that supports you?"

"Sir," she replied, "your kind feeling and charity toward me should never be repaid by ingratitude. Then listen attentively, and perhaps you may learn something from a poor, sightless girl that will help you to see."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## GLOBE GLEANINGS.

### A WHISTLING WELL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scientific American*, writing from Chhattaraugus County, New York, gives the following account of a curious well in that neighborhood:

"About forty-five years ago the father of Colonel Flint undertook to dig a well. At a depth of twenty feet a little water was found, but as it was thought to be insufficient, the well was continued to a depth of forty feet and ended in coarse gravel, with no trace of water except that already mentioned. Thinking that the cavity might form a reservoir for the dripping water from the small vein that had been cut, the well was stoned up in the usual way. No water, however, accumulated, and as a water well it was a failure. Before long it was discovered that at times a strong draught of air rushed *into* the well, and at other times rushed *out* with equal force.

"A flat stone with a  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch hole in its center was fitted over the mouth of the well. Into the hole was fitted a whistle, which changed its tone, dependent upon the upward or downward current of air through it. It was soon learned that the whistle was a most reliable weather prophet or barometer.

"In settled weather the whistle was silent. An approaching storm was heralded by the warning shriek of the whistle as the air rushed out of the well, but as clearing weather approached, the current of air changed and rushed into the well, and the faithful whistle told the story by its changed tone.

"When I last visited the well, which was about five years ago, the whistle had been removed as worn out, but the flat stone with a hole in it was and is now in place.

"While the air was rushing out one day, I tried to test the pressure by putting a chip of wood of the size and thickness of a man's hand over the hole, and it was thrown up more than twelve inches. I have often seen it during a rain storm, and as the water began to run down through the hole, the outflowing

current of air threw it up in spray several feet high, giving it the appearance of a fountain.

"This well attracted a good deal of local attention at first, but a generation of people has grown up about it, and I do not so often hear it spoken of as a curiosity, but it is the staple source of weather prognostications in that vicinity.

"The well is located about fifteen rods from a fair-sized creek. The bottom of the well must be some fifteen feet below the bed of the stream. Between the well and the creek is a very good spring of water. On the farm adjoining, and about thirty rods distant, a well was bored 75 to 100 feet deep and affords plenty of water. No such phenomenon was observed in boring this well.

"Six years ago another neighbor undertook to dig a well on the opposite side of the creek, and about one hundred rods distant from the whistling well. At about thirty feet deep the well was in coarse gravel and no water. At that time a heavy shower sent a flood of surface water into the well, and it disappeared quickly, but immediately after a roaring sound, something like the hum of a thrashing machine, came from the open well. This was heard by many people, but not by the writer.

"Through some feeling of superstition on the part of the owner, the well was at once filled up and further investigations prevented.

"The surface rock in that vicinity is a sort of sandstone, and the underlying rock is slate and is 'in place.' There is no limestone, hence no connection with caves. No scientific investigations have ever been made of the whistling well."

#### AMERICAN PLATE-GLASS MIRRORS.

Until recently all plate-glass was imported to this country, from France, but at present some is being made in America. A plate-glass mirror manufactory is established at Alleghany, Pennsylvania. Improvements in this line of industry have been made during the past few years, some of which are men-

tioned in the subjoined clipping from an eastern journal :

"Formerly it took three weeks from the time work was begun on a mirror before it could be finished. Now, says a manufacturer, we get the glass in the morning and make it into mirrors perfectly finished and ready for sale before evening. Formerly the backs of mirrors were coated with mercury ; now, sheets of pure silver are used instead. The old mirror reflected sixty or sixty-five per cent. of the light that fell upon it ; the modern mirror reflects nearly ninety-five per cent. The mercury looking glass was very liable to rub off. Heat and cold also effected it ; the quicksilver would crack or melt and the beauty of the glass would be spoiled. None of these dangers threaten the silvered mirror."

#### UKRAINE LIFE ONE LEAP YEAR.

Among us there is one year in four in which a lady is supposed to have the privilege of proposing marriage to the young man of her choice. But owing to the natural delicacy of the sex in regard to such a matter, she very seldom avails herself of this privilege, or if she does, the same delicacy prevents the fact from being known to the public. When women obtain their full rights, when they can hold office and get control of affairs, perhaps they will claim this right also, and exercise it freely. And who knows but what the time will come when the present custom will be reversed, and the men will have to wait till they receive a proposal ! If such a day comes it will be a sad one—for the men.

If such a custom as that described below were to prevail in civilized countries there would be but few homeless "old maids."

"When the spinster among Ukraine Cosacks feels a fancy for a certain youth in the tribe, she is encouraged by tribal custom to declare her passion. If her love is reciprocated, all right ; if it is not, the maiden sits down in the youth's cabin and proclaims an intention of remaining until he realizes the

error of his ways. The young man is in bad straits, as the damsel's family would resent any incivility on his part. His only recourse is to take up his blanket and his whisky and find a new abiding place. The spinster may then know that he really does not care to wed."

#### HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads, viz., preparing the splints, dipping the matches, box making and filling. When the lumber is brought into the cutting room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks 15 inches long, which is the length of seven matches. It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous tool, the thickness of the match is cut off.

As the block revolves and decreases in diameter, the knife advances, and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met by eight small knives which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By this one operation, seven long ribbons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match, are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed, and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw-chopper, which cuts them into single matches. The machine eats 150 bands at the same time, and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine with its one sharp knife can cut over 10,000,000 matches a day.

From the cutting room the splints are taken to the dry room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then prepared for the dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient space to be fully coated and

yet not placed so close to the others as to cause the mixture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine, which seems to work with almost human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely but at regular intervals in a dipping frame. These frames contain 44 movable laths and between each lath the machine places with clock-work regularity 50 splints, making over 2,000 splints in each frame.

The heads of the splints are all on the same level and a single attendant at each machine can place over one million splints in the frame per day. The dipping vat is a stove of masonry, which contains three square pans. The first pan is for heating the splints so they will absorb the mixture, the second contains molten paraffine in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with the igniting composition. Over 8,000,000 matches can be dipped by a skillful workmen in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the frames, and are then taken to the packing room, where they are put into boxes by hand.

#### A NEGRO MATHEMATICIAN.

Sam Summers, the negro prodigy, was in town recently, says the *Louisville Commercial*, and as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a negro 34 years old, without the slightest education. He cannot read or write, and does not know one figure from another. He is a common farm hand, and to look at him and watch his actions he seems to be about half-witted, but his quick and invariably correct answers to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he has submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answers in every instance.

Some examples given him were as follows: How much gold can be bought for \$792 in greenbacks if gold is worth \$1.65? Multi-



ply 597,312 by 1358. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these be sown the second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced at this rate in twelve years if 1,000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1,142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart seventy per minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are twenty pulsations counted before you hear it thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder. A commission merchant received seventy bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts. How many bushels did he receive? And so on.

With Robinion's, Rays', and other higher arithmetics before them, those who have tested him as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moments' thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer.

#### PARALYZED BY A SCRATCH.

It is strange what effect a slight wound will sometimes produce. Cases have been known where persons have died from receiving a mere scratch in the flesh. On the other hand human beings have been almost torn to pieces, or had part of their brains blown out and afterwards recovered. A soldier who fought in the late civil war thus describes an incident in his experience during an engagement:

"It was at the battle of Chantilly, in the early part of the fight. We had approached a low, rambling fence—a Virginia fence, as such ones were called—and I had my gun through it, and was doing what service I could. I saw the splinter fly from a piece of that fence under the impulse of a ball from the enemy. In the lightning flash of the flying wood I seemed to find time to dodge, and then there was a quick pain like the searing of a hot iron, and the splinter was through my hat-band and along my scalp, penetrating it, but not injuring the skull.

"The blow was severe and stunned me,

and I remember as well my last look at the scene—the fighting troops, the smoke, the battle and the tramping men. I fell back, my legs half doubled up beneath me, and in a moment my strength was gone and I was powerless. I saw everything. Men fell upon me. Men trampled upon me. Horses reared around me. The battle was on all sides.

"My wits were clear, my brain unclouded, but there was I, dying a death momentarily, alive, yet dead and suffering more tortures than I thought life could have. I lay there, perhaps half an hour—every moment a year of agony—when I felt some one's hand on my collar, and I was dragged out and turned on my face, where I lay for a moment as some one rifled my cartridge box. The motion saved me. My pulse seemed to stir, my heart beat, my will to re-exert itself, and in a few minutes I was myself. The wound was so small that I staunched it with my handkerchief, and in half an hour I was as well as ever.

"If the hand had not found my coat collar, I should have been bleaching my bones on Chantilly at this moment instead of here talking to you, and it would have been tough to have passed in on such a scratch."

#### THE WALLED LAKE.

One of the wonders of the United States is the walled lake in Iowa. It covers a surface of 2,800 acres, with a depth of twenty-five feet of water. It is from two to three feet higher than the surrounding country, and is enclosed by a wall ten feet high, fifteen feet wide at the bottom and sloping up to five feet wide at the top. The stones of which the wall is built vary in size from one weighing one hundred pounds to those weighing three tons. Around the entire lake is a belt of trees half a mile in width; with this exception, the country in which the lake is located is a rolling prairie. When, how, and by whom this wall was constructed, or these trees set out, is a mystery.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

#### How to Obtain a Testimony.



A recent meeting we listened with great pleasure to the testimony which a young man bore concerning the knowledge he had obtained that the gospel of Jesus as taught by the Prophet Joseph is divine. He stated that in his boyhood his opportunities for education had been very limited. He had to work hard; and when he got old enough to hire out to do a man's work, he was about sixteen or seventeen years of age. At that time he was a very poor reader. But he obtained a Book of Doctrine and Covenants from his father, and on summer mornings, as soon as it was light enough to read, (the window of his bed-room being on the east side of the house) he devoted himself to reading until the sun arose and he had to get up and go to his labor. In this way he improved himself in his reading; and he obtained a testimony, by the Spirit of God, that the revelations contained in that book were from God.

In like manner he went through the Book of Mormon, using every spare moment; frequently spending hours in the night, when other persons were asleep, in reading that precious record. The joy that he felt in reading this work was delightfully expressed. He told how on frequent occasions it seemed to him that he had heard the words of the record before, and that they came back to his memory like a forgotten dream, and frequently the tears streamed down his cheeks under the influence of the teachings of the book and the operation of the Spirit of God upon his mind.

In this way he became familiar with the Doctrine and Covenants and the Book of

Mormon, and had great light thrown upon many points of doctrine, which was of great comfort to him; and the testimony that he received was of such a character as never to be forgotten as long as he should remain in possession of his senses and of the Spirit of God.

Subsequently he became a student at the B. Y. Academy, at Provo, and there he had been more and more confirmed in his knowledge of the divinity of the work of God. At that institution he had received a good education, and he is now a man of business and position.

We were deeply impressed by the testimony of this young man, and we have thought it worth describing in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, that our readers may see how one boy, at least, obtained a knowledge concerning the work of God, and that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God.

We do not believe it possible for any honest, unprejudiced soul to read the Book of Mormon in a prayerful spirit without being convinced that its words are the words of God. There is an influence which accompanies it, and which the reader feels, if he will not reject it, that carries with it overpowering conviction and is a testimony that God is the Author, through His inspired servants, of that book. So also with the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

If our young people would read these books with greater attention than they do, and would discard works of fiction, they would have a firmer basis for their faith and a broader understanding concerning the principles of the gospel, and have a fountain of joy and peace opened to them that would fill their souls with great delight. They would not need, if they pursued this course of reading, to ask anyone as to the truth of the work of God, for they would become living witnesses themselves.

In this way the inhabitants of the earth would soon reach the position which the prophet describes when he says:

“And they shall teach no more every man

his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."

### THE POET MILTON.

THE name and fame of Milton as a poet is well known to all readers. Of his life perhaps less is known.

The history of any person who has acquired eminence in a worthy pursuit should be pursued by the young, as it will encourage and stimulate them to noble efforts, by awakening within them renewed ambition to make a mark in life.

The life of John Milton, one of the greatest and noblest of English poets furnishes an excellent example of what can be accomplished by energy and perseverance when exercised by one who has a bright intellect. And by the way there are many children who possess as much natural ability and aptitude as was manifested in the childhood of some of the world's most brilliant scholars or greatest heroes. Their advantages and opportunities are no doubt as favorable, but whether they will fill as marked a career is for them to determine. If they make good use of their powers; if they are as determined in their purpose; their success will be as great. And though their fame may not be so widespread their ability to do good will be no less.

The ancestors of the poet Milton were the possessors of an estate in Oxfordshire called Milton, from which they received their surname. But this property had been forfeited over one hundred years before the time of the poet, during the conflict known as the "Wars of the Roses."

John Milton the subject of this sketch, whose father and grandfather bore the same name, was born on the 9th of December, 1608, in Bread Street, London.

The early influences and training a person receives do not always furnish an index to his

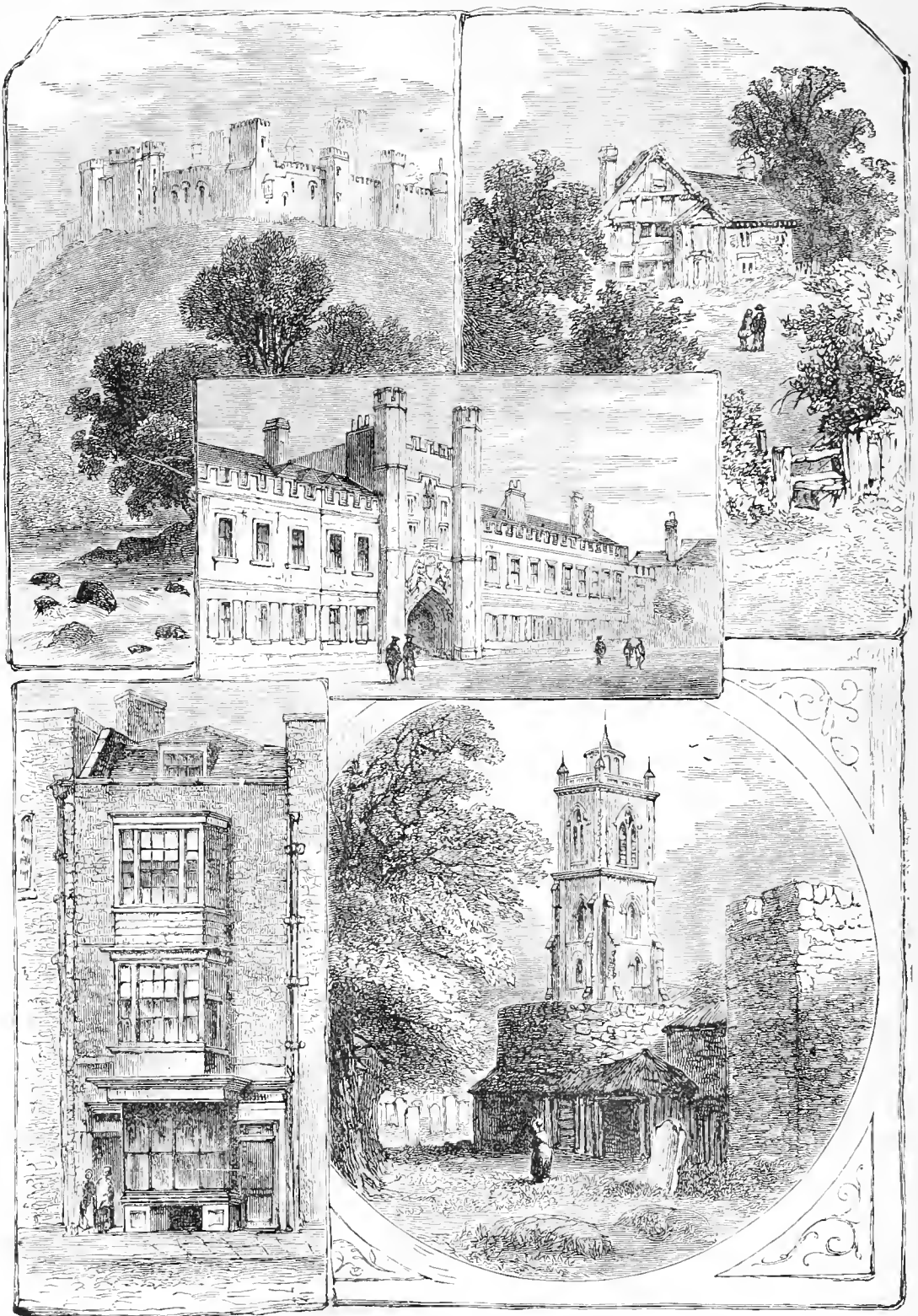
future career, but in this case they do. Milton himself says that his father destined from his infancy that he should study literature, and that he procured him teachers both at home and at school.

The youth took such an interest in his studies that, he tells us, he scarcely ever retired from his books until midnight. It proved to be very unwise for him to remain so long at his studies, for the strain upon his eyes worked an injury to them, and in later life he became totally blind. He had such a desire for gaining knowledge that he could not be kept from his studies and so his father continued to school him. For a year he was kept in St. Paul's School, London, then he entered Christ's College, Cambridge. While here he composed all of his earlier poems, although at the time he was quite young: for he graduated in 1632 with the degree of master of arts, being only twenty-four years of age.

Milton had some thoughts when he entered college of taking upon himself holy orders, but before leaving he was inclined to favor the reformation, and could not submit to the doctrines of the Catholic church. His grandfather was a "bigoted papist," as his (the poet's) biographer terms him, and disinherited his son, the poet's father, for accepting the doctrines of the reformers. The poet's father, therefore, was obliged to work for his living.

By the time his son had returned from college he had earned a competence and retired from business. The poet continued his studies at his father's country home at Hoxton, in Buckinghamshire, to which his family had moved after the father's retirement from business. He continued also to write poems, and during this time he became acquainted with several personages of rank at whose request and in whose honor some of his poems were written. In this way he became known and was enabled to establish a reputation among his countrymen.

It was while residing at Hoxton his mother died, and shortly afterwards his father fitted



THE POET MILTON'S PLACES OF RESIDENCE AND BURIAL PLACE.

him out for a tour of the continent. He visited Paris, Nice, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Rome and Naples, and made the acquaintance of a number of noted personages of the time, among whom were Galileo, Grotius, Pope Urban VIII. and others.

On hearing of troubles at home between King Charles I. and his parliament, Milton felt that duty and patriotism called him back, and he returned, without visiting Greece as he anticipated doing.

After reaching home, he decided on making a business of teaching. For twenty years following he gave up writing poetry and devoted his time to teaching, and indulged somewhat in the political controversies of the day. He wrote several papers on the issues of the times and took up the defense of the Puritans.

Milton, it is said, lived an exemplary life, he ate sparingly, "drank water, and set his pupils an example of hard study."

In 1643 he married his first wife. Owing to the quiet life which he pursued, and his wife being accustomed to a life of gaiety and associating with cheerful company, the couple did not live very happily at first. The bride went on a visit to her parents' home and refused to return when sent for; but subsequently the two became reconciled and lived agreeably together afterwards.

Milton's wife did not live many years after their marriage, and he married two other women, the last one of whom survived him. By his first wife he had three daughters, two of whom died childless. One had seven children, who all died without offspring with the exception of two, one of these having two and the other seven children. Strange to say, these all died and left him no descendants.

The new council of state, after the execution of Charles I. appointed Milton as their Latin secretary. His duties in this position seem to have been too severe on his eyesight and he became blind. He retired from service and was pensioned for life. After this he devoted himself earnestly to writing his

greatest masterpiece, "Paradise Lost," an epic which he had been a long while in choosing, and one which he had promised the public long before he had the subject in mind. This poem, though it brought him lasting fame did not bring him much money. He sold the copyright for "£5 in hand; £5 more when 1,300 copies were sold, and the same sum on the publication of the second and third editions."

Although Milton's great work received high praise from contemporary critics and poets, he did not live to realize a general appreciation of it by the public.

He died in his sixty-seventh year—on the 15th of November, 1674.

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### Our Present Experience a Valuable Lesson.

WHAT a variety of circumstances the Latter-day Saints have had to contend with from the organization of the Church up to the present time! No people of modern times have had such a variety of trials, by which their faith, their constancy and their devotion have been tested. The persecutions which the people have endured, and the wrongs which have been practiced upon them have furnished excellent opportunities for the exhibition of the qualities they possess, and they have shown their greatness and strength and nobility of character to the world in a very convincing manner. Step by step, from the very outset, they have had the most serious and forbidding obstacles to encounter and overcome. Their pathway has been beset with difficulties. Yet, in the great majority of cases, they have never wavered, but pressed steadily onward, bearing patiently and heroically their afflictions and surmounting all difficulties.

In the providence of the Almighty it is undoubtedly necessary that we should have such a schooling as we have received and are now receiving. It is scarcely possible that we

could fill the destiny that lies before us without this severe training. It is not pleasant to have to pass through these ordeals; but after we have emerged from them, we look back at them with satisfaction, and do not regret that we had to grapple with them. In fact, the most bitter and painful experience, after it has once been gained, is appreciated as most valuable; and no man who has endured such, regrets after he has passed through it that he had it to encounter.

Our enemies have been rejoicing exceedingly over the seeming victories they have obtained over us in election matters. But their victories are barren. It is true, they can put us to a great deal of inconvenience and expense; they can oppress and do us wrong in many ways; but they cannot hurt us. Their action towards us brings into stronger relief the high qualities that, as a people, we possess. A victory gained by wrong, injures the victor more than the victim. The elections gained in Ogden and in this city, and in Weber and Salt Lake Counties, can do us no material injury, if we are true to ourselves and to our principles; and they can be of no real profit to those who get into power. This may not seem to be true, either to some of the Latter-day Saints or to their opponents. Some of the Latter-day Saints may feel that something has been lost, and many of their opponents may exult in what they view as a great triumph. There has not been sufficient time elapsed, since these events, to judge them or their effects correctly. After a few years have gone by, we can then look back and view all that has been done and the results that have been accomplished, and be in a better position to judge correctly as to the effects of present measures and present successes or defeats.

It is a most excellent tribute to the strength of the Latter-day Saints to have their enemies resort to fraud, chicanery and villainy to defeat them. Not content with having the Utah Commission ready to do their bidding, with all the registrars and two-thirds of the judges of election and all the machinery in their hands, our opponents have had recourse

to the most villainous schemes to rob the majority of the people of the Territory of their rights. This last election, both in Salt Lake and Weber Counties, has been a disappointment to many people. Having every advantage in their favor, the unscrupulous creatures who stand at the head of the so-called "Liberal" party, have counted surely on entire success. But some of their own people who have heretofore worked with them have become disgusted with their meanness and corruption and have openly denounced them. I am informed that a good many decent, respectable people who are non-Mormons are disgusted with the manner in which affairs are being conducted here; but there are many of them not in a position to take any open action in the matter. Our enemies have been very cunning. They have endeavored to create a feeling of hostility on the part of the non-Mormon people in this Territory and elsewhere against us, and they have resorted to the most infamous lies and misrepresentations in order to blacken us and make this scheme possible. If any man were disposed to meet us as fellow citizens and be on friendly terms with us, he has been denounced, and the name of "Jack-Mormon" has been applied to him. No officer of the government could show any friendly feeling towards Latter-day Saints as fellow citizens without being held up to opprobrium by this class to which I refer. The result is that a vile crew of disreputable scoundrels and liars, foul and indecent, have been able by their machinations to force respectable non-Mormons into their ranks. Those who have been reluctant to do so have been denounced and defamed. In this way the whole body of non-Mormon people are arrayed under what may be termed the anti-Mormon banner; and yet there probably are hundreds of people in the Territory at the present time who do not wish to occupy that attitude towards us, who, however, are compelled to be of this crowd or to be ruined in their character and ostracised in society. Many non-Mormons are restive under this condition of things,

and the late election has shown a little disposition on the part of some to rebel against the tyranny that has been exercised over them. I know of no tyranny in America more odious than the rule that is exercised in this Territory, especially in this city, by a gang of wretches who are destitute of every gentlemanly instinct, and who, if they were to be treated as they deserve and as their conduct merits, would be looked upon with utter scorn and contempt by every respectable person.

In the midst of these scenes and these trying circumstances the Latter-day Saints are gaining valuable experience. They are building up a character for themselves that some day will be of great value to them. Qualities are being developed and exhibited that will eventually call forth admiration and praise; and the time will surely come when we shall have abundant room for their exercise in our own behalf and in the behalf of others.

The great lesson for us to learn is to be patient. We should not fret, nor allow any feeling of dissatisfaction to enter into our hearts. This is God's work, and He will control it and shape its destinies to suit His own purposes. Having infinite wisdom and foreknowledge, He knows best the path that we should travel in. We are far better off at the present time than we have been many times in the past. I doubt not that, as a people, we have gained wealth more rapidly within the last five or six years than at any period of the same length in our history. It is true, some members of the Church may become weary and lose their faith by yielding to doubt or to the wealth of the world; but these are the exceptions. Latter-day Saints generally, I believe, are striving to do right. The Lord is with them, and He will preserve them.

A JEWEL of a woman is better than a woman of jewels.

THE best government is self-government.

#### A NEW NAME FOR A NOTED MAN.

OUTSIDE a well-known and fashionable hotel in Dublin, an Irishman, called Mickey, used to hang about and earn a few coppers by carrying messages and helping to remove the luggage from the cars as they drove up. Mickey was much more celebrated for his inebriety than his sobriety. One day the celebrated George Peabody (the renowned American philanthropist) arrived. Mickey was just able to stand, but, determined not to lose his opportunity, addressed the great philanthropist.

"Long life to you, Mr. Paybody (hic)! God bless you, Mr. Paybody (hic)! I hope you'll think of a hard-working boy, yer honor (hic)."

Mr. Peabody saw the state Mickey was in, and said:

"I am staying here for a few days, and, if you keep yourself sober during that time, when I leave I will give you five pounds."

This was too much for Mickey's nerves; he traded on the promised fiver, and spent half his days in the gutter. The time arrived for Mr. Peabody to depart; and he had just seated himself on a car, when Mickey ran up and cried:

"Mr. Paybody, yer honor, you promised me five pounds when you left!"

"I did," answered the good man, "and should have kept my word had you been sober: but you have been drunk the whole time I have been here; I shall, therefore, give you nothing."

The car was just on the move when Mickey yelled out:

"They call ye Mr. Paybody, do they? Mr. Paybody be blest! By my sowl, they ought to call ye Mr. Pay-nobody!"

THERE are as many lovely things,  
As many pleasant tones,  
For those who sit by cottage hearths  
As those who sit on thrones.

*Mrs. Hawkesworth.*



## For Our Little Folks.

### THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

MANY of you, perhaps, have heard or read the fable about the sun and the wind. The sun and the wind each claimed to be most powerful, and to prove which was stronger a trial was proposed.

The one that could the most easily compel a man to part with his cloak was to be considered the most powerful. So to decide the matter the wind started its work. It blew upon the man to force his cloak from his back, but the harder it blew the tighter the man held to his cloak and drew it around him to keep warm. So the wind failed to get the man to drop his cloak. But when the sun began to shine upon him and warm him he willingly took off the cloak, for he had no need of wearing it. It was therefore decided that the sun was the stronger of the two.

This fable is intended to teach the fact that it is better to persuade than to use force.

There are many examples that might be mentioned to prove that kindness is more powerful than harshness. A little incident that came to our notice will show this fact. A young man who had been ordained a Deacon in one of our settlements was once very much annoyed, while sitting in meeting attending the door and seating the people, by a noise outside. The disturbance was caused

by a group of young men talking and laughing, not far from the meeting house. His first thought on stepping out the door was to use severe means to quiet them. He felt like catching one of them, or as many of them as he could manage, and give him a thrashing. But on second thought he believed it would be better to go to them kindly and remind them that they were disturbing the meeting. He concluded to do so, and going to where they stood he in a very pleasant voice told them that their talking was so loud that it was annoying the people in the meeting, and asked them if they would not please to move a little farther away or go inside the meeting room.

The boys at once realized that it was very rude of them to act as they had and apologised humbly for their conduct, and quietly went away.

Had the young Deacon got angry and made threats it is quite likely they would have answered by defying him, and they would become more noisy than before. But as it was they were quieted without any trouble, and those boys always afterwards had a good feeling towards the young Deacon, who sought to perform his duty in a gentlemanly manner and they respected him in his office.

Children when you are tempted to use harsh words or actions, just think of this incident and try mild persuasion first, and you will be sure to find it the best plan.

## THE CHILDREN'S STORIES.

IN RESPONSE to the invitation to our readers to write us little stories for this department we have received the following. We repeat the invitation, and desire all our friends to write to us such true stories as will be suitable for publication in these columns.

## CATCHING A WEASEL.

Did you ever try to catch a weasel? If you have tried and succeeded, you have done better than I did.

The weasel is a small animal. Its color is a kind of reddish-brown on the back and white on the under side of its body. It has sharp eyes, and is very quick in its movements. Its body is slender, and it has sharp claws.

I with some other boys once tried to catch a weasel which we saw running towards its hole in the ground. It looked such a pretty little animal that we thought to get it and keep it in a cage if we could catch it alive. But before we could get near it, down it popped into the hole and out of sight. We had nothing with us to dig it out with and stopped a few minutes to think what to do. Soon one of the boys said, "Let's pour water down the hole and drown the

weasel if it won't come out again."

We agreed to this, and two of us went to a creek some distance away and filled our hats with water. When we got back all the boys gathered round the hole ready to grab the weasel if it came out. One boy began to empty the water from his hat into the hole while the other one held his ready to follow, and all the others were on their knees in a circle ready to catch the weasel, whichever way he jumped. All at once the bright little animal shot out of the hole like a ball being

tossed from a boy's hand. He sprang so suddenly that we were all startled and threw ourselves backward to the ground. The hat full of water was emptied and some



A WEASEL.

of us got a pretty good ducking. The weasel looked as clean and dry as ever, and ran away to be seen no more by us.

Perhaps it was as well we did not catch it, for I am told that the weasel has sharp teeth and can bite pretty hard.

*W. A. Evans.*

## A BIRD'S WAY OF PROTECTING ITSELF.

I will tell you about a circumstance that happened some time ago. One

day as I was walking along through a meadow I saw a little bird running along the ground. It was unable to fly, as it had a lame wing. I thought I would like to catch the bird, and so I ran after it. It took quite awhile to catch it as it would hide behind bunches of grass, and dodge about so that I could not get my hand on it. At last I made a grab for it and caught it. But when I looked at it, it appeared to be dead. I thought it had been frightened to death or else I had crushed it when I clapped my hat over it to catch it. I did not care for a dead bird, so I laid it down on the ground and went away.

In a short time I came back past the same place where I left the bird, and thought to look at it, but it was not to be found. 'I was sure no person or animal had been that way since I left, for I had only gone a very short distance and was only absent a few moments. I was puzzled about what had become of the bird, but at last concluded that it only pretended to be dead, to escape from me, and that when I went away it got up and ran off to a safe hiding place.

I afterwards read in a book that birds sometimes do this to escape when they are caught. This satisfied me that what I had supposed was correct.

*J. S. W.*

Be cautious of believing ill, and more cautious of reporting it.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH  
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.

14, VOL. XXV.

1. WHAT was the feelings of the members of the Illinois Legislature towards the Saints? A. Very bitter. All the prejudice against them, which circulated through the country, they fully entertained.

2. Which one of the members of the senate was under arrest for the murder of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum? A. Jacob C. Davis, a member from Hancock County.

3. What did the senate do instead of allowing the law to take its course and he to be tried for the crime of which he was accused? A. Discharged him from arrest.

4. Was no one of those engaged in the commission of that bloody and treacherous deed to be punished by the law? A. No.

5. Why? A. It would have been a new feature in the history of the world, for the people to suffer a prophet of God to be murdered then to have justified and applauded the crime, and afterwards punish those who perpetrated it.

6. What parallel can we draw between the Jews, who crucified the Savior, and the Illinois Legislature? A. The Jews were willing to take upon them His blood. So the Legislature of Illinois, by shielding Jacob C. Davis, were ready to share the murder of the Prophet and Patriarch,

and to take upon them all the consequences of shedding innocent blood.

7. For what purpose was this man, Davis, making bitter speeches on the floor of the senate against the people of Nauvoo? A. For the purpose of having the charter of Nauvoo repealed, thereby depriving the people of all legal protection, and exposing them to the full violence of their enemies, whenever they chose to attack them.

8. Were they successful in having it repealed? A. They were.

#### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT are the names of the men who were indicted by the grand jury for the murder of Joseph and Hyrum Smith? 2. Were any of these men declared guilty by the court in which they were tried? 3. What argument did the attorney for the prisoners use to justify them in committing the vile act? 4. What were the enemies of the Saints doing in Nauvoo at this time? 5. When was the capstone on the southeast corner of the Nauvoo Temple, laid?

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 14, Vol. 25: H. H. Blood, Rebecca C. Allen, C. E. Wight and Annie S. Sessions.

#### LITTLE BOY BLUE.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and staunch he stands;  
And the little tin soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair;  
And that was the time when our Little Boy  
Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamt of his pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue:  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face;  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years  
through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.

#### ECONOMY.

"I HAVE bought a beautiful rocking-chair at auction worth three dollars for only two dollars; so you see I made one dollar clear profit," said Mrs. Dallas.

"Did you need the rocking-chair?" asked Mr. Dallas.

"No."

"Then why did you buy it?"

"Why, to save money, of course. How could I have saved a dollar so easily in any other way?"

### THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

SOME TIME ago an article appeared in this paper showing forth the importance of music in the Sabbath School, as a moral and religious educator, and the great advantages of the Tonic Sol-Fa system as the medium of presenting to the pupils a knowledge of the rudiments of the art. Since then, we have given the system a fair trial, in a day school in this city, and in a few private classes, and found the results highly satisfactory.

The children taught this system seem to love to sing, because they readily learn how to interpret the notation. We have been surprised to see groups of children singing some of the songs in an advanced part of their instruction book, which had not yet been brought before the class for practice.

Pleased with our efforts, and thoroughly convinced of the superiority of the system over all others, in developing the musical intelligence of the young we introduce it to our readers through the medium of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR hoping it will meet with a hearty welcome from the superintendents, teachers, and choir leaders engaged in Sunday School work.

Having made all necessary arrangements, we will print in Tonic Sol-Fa notation a selection of suitable songs, for our Sabbath Schools, and will also present instructions in the method, in easy, progressive steps, whereby those who may feel interested will be enabled to teach it to others.

It is a fact that those who know a little about music can begin to teach this, and as they progress they will be surprised to find how much they will improve themselves by the practice.

This has been the experience of hundreds who have commenced by teaching a class in Tonic Sol-Fa method and have become able and efficient teachers, who might have remained forever at the bottom of the ladder if they had not taken this step.

Give it a trial, and you will find a pleasure in the study, that you never before realized in music, besides the satisfaction of performing a good work for the children.

All the apparatus you will require will be a Modulator, blackboard and tuning fork.

#### FIRST STEP.

The three principle tones on the Modulator are *Doh*, *Me* and *Soh*, and are the first to demand our attention and study.

The teacher should see that his pupils are in a proper position for singing, heads up, shoulders back, mouths freely open, and all looking pleasant.

The teacher will now use his own judgment in teaching these tones, but not to go beyond the step he is engaged in.

A good way is to introduce the tones one at a time.

The teacher will sing a tone to the open sound of *la* or *ah*, and call on the class to sing it firmly and clearly: again he will sing *la* a fifth higher, which the class will imitate. He should then name these tones, and write them on the blackboard, calling the lower one *doh* and the higher one *soh*. In the same manner he will introduce *me* and write it on the blackboard between *doh* and *soh*.

The class may now be drilled in these tones, singing them to their names, and to *la*, and changing the key, and following the pointer of the teacher on the blackboard or Modulator.

The teacher will call on one part of the class to sing *doh* and sustain it while another sings *me* and a third part sustains\* *soh*, the pupils will now learn that these three tones sung together are called a chord, the tonic or *doh* chord.

The next thing to be learned will be the character or mental effect of tones, or the feeling they have upon the mind. In the Tonic Sol-Fa system this is considered of great importance, as well as being interesting to the student.

One is a strong, firm tone, another is a grand, bright, clear tone, and another calm and gentle.

The mental effects are indicated by hand signs: the teacher should illustrate the strong tone by singing a phrase, bringing out strongly, *doh*, thus:

| d : — | d : — | s : m | d : d | m : s | d : — ||

The strong tone is indicated by the closed hand.

The bright, grand, clear tone will be shown in the same manner, singing like the following:

| d : d | m : d | s : s | s : — | m : s | d : m | s : — ||

This grand, trumpety tone is indicated by the open hand, thumb upwards.

The quiet, calm tone may be illustrated by showing the character *me* in a phrase like this:

: d | m : s | m : s | m : d | d : m | s : s | m : — ||

The hand sign for the quiet, calm tone is indicated by the open hand palm downwards. The teacher will now drill the class in the hand signs, the pupils will sing the tones as their mental effects are indicated from the teacher's hand. The teacher may also sing the tones to *la*, and call upon the pupils to make the hand signs for them.

(For the hand signs and ear exercises, see Tonic Sol-Fa Reader.)

The following exercises will now be practiced, the initials d for *doh* s for *soh* and m for *me* being used as the Tonic Sol-Fa notation.

#### EXERCISE 1. KEY E.

d m s m s m d m s s m s d s d

#### EXERCISE 2. KEY C.

d m d m s s m s s m s m d m d

#### EXERCISE 3. KEY F.

d m s s m d s s m m s m m s d

#### EXERCISE 4. KEY E.

d d s s m d s m s m d m s s d

The teacher may now introduce the higher *doh* and the lower *soh*, the *doh* being known by a figure being placed at the top of the letter, thus: d<sup>1</sup> and called *one-doh*, its mental effect being indicated by the same sign, only the hand held higher.

The lower *soh* is distinguished by the figure 1 placed at the bottom of the letter thus: s<sub>1</sub> and called *soh-one*, its mental effect is the same, only a little more subdued, and is indicated by the hand held lower.

These new tones d<sup>1</sup> and s<sub>1</sub> will now be practiced with the others from the Modulator, hand signs and the following exercises:

#### EXERCISE 5, KEY C.

d m s d<sup>1</sup> s d<sup>1</sup> s m d s s m d<sup>1</sup> m d

#### EXERCISE 6, KEY D.

d d m m d m s s d<sup>1</sup> d<sup>1</sup> s m s m d

#### EXERCISE 7, KEY G.

d s m d s<sub>1</sub> d m s s m d s s<sub>1</sub> m d

#### EXERCISE 8, KEY F.

d s m d m d s<sub>1</sub> m s m d s<sub>1</sub> m d d

At every lesson the teacher will drill the class in following his pointer on the Modulator in the practice of the tones within the step, also the hand signs and ear exercises. The ear exercises will be conducted in the following manner. The teacher will sing several tunes to figures and then ask the pupils which figure he sung to *me* or *doh*, thus: "Tell me to which figure I sing, *me*."

d s d<sup>1</sup> s m s  
1 2 3 4 5 6

Those who know will hold up their hands. The correct answer will be five.

Again the teacher gives the key, tone and chord, and requires the pupils to tell what tone he sang to *skoo*.

| d : — | s : m | d : — | <sup>1</sup>s  
skoo

(See hints on ear exercises.)

KNOWLEDGE, like the blood, is healthy only while in brisk circulation. Its work is to supply the veins and arteries of our mental life, thus continually being transformed into new thought and fresh activity.

No. 1. Key D. M. 66.

## GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

WORDS BY W. E. HICKSON.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.

Treble	$\left( \begin{array}{l} s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \\ s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \\ s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \\ s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \end{array} \right.$	$m : m \mid s : m$	$m : - \mid r : - .r$	$m : - \mid :$
Alto		Now to heaven our prayers ascending,	God speed the right,	
Tenor		$m : m \mid s : m$	$d : - \mid t_1 : - .t_1$	$d : - \mid :$
Bass		$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$s : - \mid :$	
		Be that prayer a- gain re - peat-ed,	God speed the right,	
		$m : m \mid s : m$	$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$s : - \mid :$
		Patient, firm and per - se - ver-ing,	God speed the right,	
		$m : m \mid s : m$	$d : - \mid s_1 : - .s_1$	$d : - \mid :$
		Still their on - ward course pur - su-ing,	God speed the right,	

$\left( \begin{array}{l} s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \\ s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \\ s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \\ s : s \mid d^1 : - .s \end{array} \right.$	$m : m \mid s : m$	$m : - \mid r : - .r$	$m : - \mid :$
	In a no - ble cause con - tend-ing,	God speed the right,	
	$m : m \mid s : m$	$d : - \mid t_1 : - .t_1$	$d : - \mid :$
	Ne'er des - pair - ing though de - feat - ed,	God speed the right,	
$m : m \mid s : m$	$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$s : - \mid :$	
Ne'er the event or dang - er fear - ing,	God speed the right,		
$m : m \mid s : m$	$d : - \mid s_1 : - .s_1$	$d : - \mid :$	
Ev - 'ry foe at length sub - du - ing,	God speed the right,		

$d^1 : t \mid l : s$	$l : s \mid f : m$	$r : m \mid f : r$	$s : f \mid m : r$
Be their zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed,	With suc - cess on earth re - ward - ed,		
$m : s \mid f : m$	$f : m \mid r : d$	$t_1 : d \mid r : t_1$	$m : r \mid d : t_1$
Like the great and good in sto - ry,	If they fail they fail with glo - ry,		
$d^1 : d^1 \mid d^1 : d^1$	$d^1 : d^1 \mid s : s$	$s : s \mid s : s$	$s : s \mid s : s$
Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing,	And in heav'n's own time suc - ceed - ing,		
$d : d \mid d : d$	$d : d \mid d : d$	$s_1 : s_1 \mid s : s_1$	$s_1 : s_1 \mid s : f$
Truth thy cause what e'er de - lay it,	There's no pow'r on earth can stay it,		

$d^1 : - \mid r^1 : - .r^1$	$m^1 : - \mid - :$	$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$d : - \mid - :$
God speed the right,	God speed the right.		
$d : - \mid s : - .s$	$s : - \mid - :$	$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$d : - \mid - :$
God speed the right,	God speed the right.		
$s : - \mid t : - .t$	$d^1 : - \mid - :$	$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$d : - \mid - :$
God speed the right,	God speed the right.		
$m : - \mid r : - .r$	$d : - \mid - :$	$s : - \mid s : - .s$	$d : - \mid - :$
God speed the right,	God speed the right.		

NOTE.—The above song is not intended for classes that are studying the Tonic Sol-Fa System until they have reached the Third Step.

## WE WATCH FOR THY COMING.

WE WATCH for thy coming, oh Lord!

We know that thy promise is sure,

To come with a gracious reward,

For all who are faithful and pure.

And oh! we desire to be

'Mong th' humble and diligent ones,

Whose lives from corruption are free,

Thy dutiful daughters and sons.

Yet, shall we be ready to stand,

When the call of the Bridegroom is heard,

In thy presence and at thy right hand,

Approved by thy merciful word?

Ah! shall we be able to bear,

The cleansing from sin and alloy?

Lord help us to fully prepare,

And watch for thy coming with joy.

*Lula.**Smithfield, July 11th, 1890.*



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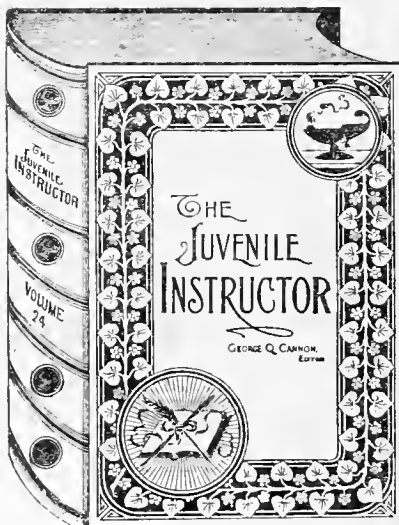
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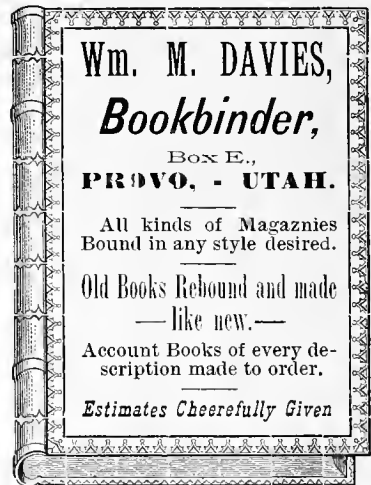
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